

Slytherin Queen

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Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-16 01:03:52

Updated: 2016-04-16 01:03:52

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:20:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,204

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is about an OC. Headmaster Potter. Prefect Malfoy. Malfoy Head of House New Classes! Dark character! Eventual blood, gore, and war.

1. Chapter 1

"Nate, could you please just shut your trap for ONCE in your life?", I exclaimed. "Look, I know you are excited, as am I, but let us not lose our composure now. He replied by saying "Starr, you're just no fun anymore, what happened to the fun girl I once knew?" I just looked out the window and whispered, "she left with my heart."

****Six Years Ago****

Silence filled the compartment and all that could be heard were the noises of the train. Nate and I both had difficult lives, but mine was far beyond his. Glancing out the window, and deciding that a conversation wouldn't end up started, I reached into my robes for my wand. Once my wand was at the ready I attempted a few simplistic spells, and of course I completed them with accuracy.

"You're going to be Ravenclaw, Starr, I just know it," said Nate. I told him, "it's possible I suppose, I just hope I don't get Gryffindor. It's a highly over-rated house, and I know I don't belong there." He smirked at me with amusement at my strong opinions and stated "I just refuse to be a Hufflepuff."

Beginning another rant I start off by saying, "Hufflepuff is a very respectable house, they are loyal and kind, although also fair and just. Their main and only problem is that they are too likely to become pushovers."

At this the compartment door opens and my cousin Leigh and someone I've never met walks in. Looking at Leigh expectantly, I cough and shake the boy's hand. As he has now told me, his name is Denton, and he hopes to become a Gryffindor. Excusing myself I wander to the loo,

where I find two girls sitting on their trunks in the corridor.

Deciding to be extraordinarily nice, I offer them seats in my compartment. One starts to refuse and the other looks at her and says, "Sorry Elayne, but my arse is killing me on these trunks", and walks into the compartment.

The girl named Elayne walks over to me and apologizes for coming off as rude, it was just that she didn't want to intrude. I welcomed her quickly and made my way too where I could finally breathe. Letting out a sigh I let the tears come, unexpectedly, and had my break-down. I hate meeting people because I will always do something to screw it up. I want all of them to like me, I'm just not sure it'll happen. Wiping the tears off my face, I walked to the sink and calmed myself down. In my head I could hear the truth, that I was weak and worthless, but I shoved it away.

At this point it was getting close to arrival time, and I decided I would go ahead and put on my robes, of which I was carrying in my rucksack shaped like the sorting hat. Once I was dressed I tried to envision myself and which crest I may bear upon my chest.

As quickly as possible I make my way back into my compartment. Sitting down between Nate and Leigh I rest my head and block out everyone else's conversations. Somehow in all of the commotion I must have dozed off, because next thing I hear is Nate's voice whispering in my ear for me to get up or I will end up back in London.

Awaking with a start, and almost knocking Nate to the floor, I stood up and blushed as I see that Elayne is still in the room. Stalking out of the room I make way for the boats, meant to carry only first years to castle. I hear Nate calling me, "Starr!, Hey Starr, wait up!" "Merlin's beard Starr, no need to run!", He joked. We continued towards the boats in silence, nerves building up quickly. Finally we reach the boats and Nate, Elayne, and I share one, while Leigh, Ivy, and Denton share one.

Once we reach the castle Headmaster Potter goes on his tirade about the houses, house points, house cups, and some other things that the majority of halfblood and pureblood students already know. Suddenly the doors to the great hall open and dread fills me, knowing the time is coming soon.

We arrive at the front of the hall and the sorting hat is placed on a stool and starts to speak. It says: "There are many things, some alike and some not, you may not know which is which, until you open it up. One may look and one may be deceived, learn true colors before you change scenes. This year will bring pain but happiness alike, live it up now, you're up for a long hike. Trouble may stir, brew, and boil, but there are those who one day defeat toil. Open your eyes and broaden mind, by the end of this year it's strangers, to whom you may be kind."

Headmaster Potter takes a stand beside the hat looking quizzically at some of the other professors. Taking a long piece of parchment out of his pocket, very unprofessional if I might add, he starts off names. I hear a couple names I know from dinners with my parents, then I hear Elayne Beck.

****ELAYNE POV****

I was so nervous, I just wanted to be enough to be here. What if all of this was some sick joke? What if this is a dream and when I get up there I wake up? Shaking these thoughts from my head I await the headmaster to place the hat to my head.

Once the hat is upon my head I hear the hat speaking to me and I jump slightly. "Ah yes, artistic I see, very wise for someone your age also. However, you have a very keen attitude on proving yourself, you have great plans and for this I will sort you into, SLYTHERIN." The last word was shouted to the entire hall, and I proceeded to take my place at the Slytherin table.

****STARR POV****

After Elayne was sorted, her half sister Michelle was sorted into Gryffindor. Tuning out the sorting until it came to someone else I knew, which happens to be my step-cousin Leigh and I await her to be sorted into Slytherin house.

****LEIGH POV****

Quickly thinking over the possibilities of houses, the hat was put onto my head. He quickly started analyzing, "You seem quite apt for determination, you have sly willpower, however that is used mainly from your wits." The last word shouted was, "RAVENCLAW".

****STARR POV****

My mouth hung open in surprise, Leigh has always claimed to become a Slytherin, she was always being sneaky. Anticipation rose as Nate's turn quickly came.

****NATE POV****

Finally I hear the headmaster call "Nathanael James" and I walk up to the stool casually and smirk at Starr, who I know is bound to be more nervous than I am. The hat touched my head and all I could think about was what it was doing to my hair, and how it would look once the hat was pulled off.

Pulling me out of my thoughts the hat said, "Is there any particular house in which you do not wish to be placed? I easily replied Hufflepuff, and the hat just simply shouted to the hall, "SLYTHERIN". Deciding I would take my place next to Elayne I went straight towards her and took a seat, slightly saddened that Starr may not be in my house.

****STARR POV****

I knew my turn was coming up, and soon enough I was making my way to the stool. As the hat was placed upon my head it immediately started speaking. "Yes, right then, you would do well with a place of academic excellence, although, your mind does puzzle me a bit. You seem to be unruly and cunning, while yet you keep most things fair. When someone decides to fight with you, it's automatic low-blows, however in other situation you're analytical and try to be as fair as possible. I can see you like lists, planning, and wise companions, yet I can also see you have a large thirst for acceptance, you crave

to prove others wrong, and you will do anything in your power to do what you want and the way you want it. Once again back to those low-blows you proceed to dish out consistently when you feel threatened.

Dear child, do tell me, which house do you prefer?" Knowing the hat could hear me within my head, I thought my answer rather than look foolish by whispering. My answer came out to be, "I respect every house, yet some less than others. I prefer Slytherin and Ravenclaw house, while I also highly approve of Hufflepuff house."

In turn the sorting hat spoke to me and said, "I think you may be the change that is needed, and I know the one you think you may love and it is not who you think. Live life for a couple years after and your soul will find its mate. Oddly aphrodite seems highly connected to your soul, and I feel the need to endorse said statements." After saying this he shouted, "SLYTHERIN" to the entire hall, and I made my way over to sit beside Nate, while sending Leigh an apologetic glance.

2. Chapter 2

__**STARR POV**__

As the sorting came to an end, Michelle's friend Denton going into Gryffindor with her, the meal began. Favorite dishes of all variety began popping into place all over the Slytherin table. Before making any movement I quickly observed what other tables were doing and what my own housemates were doing. This proved to be the right course of action, because other tables were grabbing wildly, while the Slytherin table passed dished around the table so everyone may have a portion. I could hardly believe the variety of dishes; there was roast duck, baked chicken, grilled ribeye, and seared lambchop. Being a steak lover, I automatically take a steak, wanting two but not wanting to appear like a glutton, and pass the dish. Next to me Nate has a large pile of chicken he eyes greedily. Once I have a pile of broccoli and cheese, mashed potatoes, and steamed brussel sprouts added to my plate I begin to dig-in.

Something I've always been good at, and have always done is eavesdropping. As I eat my dinner I keep up light conversation with Nate, while my ears are tuned into the conversations around me. While listening to other students I hear some talk about me, my skin tone, my where-abouts, and my blood status. I hear some even go as far to call Nate and myself lovers or Mudbloods and I flush at the thought of either of those things. I feel odd for a moment and I can tell that Nate was subtly tapping my foot with his, and I realized I hadn't done anything other than stare off into space and listen to conversations around me for the last five minutes. Trying to make up for lost time, I looked at Nate and laughed, saying loudly "Sorry there Nate, I must be more tired than I realize, thanks for trying to zone me back in." He gives me a small smirk and shrugs it off knowingly.

After the dessert had disappeared, and everyone had eaten entirely too much food, the headmaster stood once more. Headmaster Potter was standing and just glancing, at what I assumed were first years, and he said, "This year we are opening our doors to many new opportunities. I have fought many dangers in my lifetime, and I

respect each person's will as their own. With this being said, some students will enjoy our new courses, and some will not. The courses will not be mandatory, and for first and second years you may only take a MAXIMUM of two classes, which if taken, will be taught on Saturdays. To sign up for the new classes, which will start the first weekend of October, you may see your Head of House. Prefects I expect you to escort your first year housemates to your house common rooms, while they await instruction from their Head of House. Oh, and students, I hope we have another amazing year here at Hogwarts."

Once he had finished speaking the prefects stood and escorted the other first years and I to our house common room. The Slytherin prefect who commanded attention was a blonde, almost silver blonde in fact, and he was rather pale. We went down towards the dungeons and deeper into the school until finally we came to a stop in front of a man with long black hair, and the name Salazar Slytherin inscribed along the bottom. My heart nearly jumped through my throat and out of my mouth, THE Salazar Slytherin was in a portrait directly in front of us, awaiting our password. The prefect turned and said "My name is Scorpius Malfoy, of the Malfoy's, and I am your male house prefect. Our password is currently "astutia", and we change our passwords at least every month." Once he finished speaking, he faced the portrait and whispered astutia, and gently pushed on the frame of the portrait which slide into the wall allowing us entrance. Walking into the common room was amazing, the walls were a dark gray, the couch was black and green leather, the entire theme of the room SCREAMED Slytherin. Scorpius told us all to find somewhere comfortable to sit, everyone scrambled to a seat. I found a chair in a corner next to Elayne, who gave me a small smile. Trying to sit still and poised, I waiting what I assumed was our Head of House to give a speech.

Finally the common room door slid open again and a man taller than Scorpius, built heavier than Scorpius, but LOOKED like Scorpius entered. If he wasn't his father or older brother I would eat the Sorting Hat! The man stopped in front of us and crossed his arms, and so began his rant. The man started by saying, "My name is Draco Malfoy, you may call me Professor Malfoy, and I am your Head of House as well as the potions instructor. Slytherin has few rules, and these few rules we follow. Rule number one, House Loyalty, we are STILL the most looked down upon house, and the others will target that. Do NOT let this become a weakness, we stand united in the presence of any other house member. If you do happen to have issues, we have a code of conduct that can take care of your problems in here and in private. If there is a serious issue between you and another member of the house, we have a secret chamber that only I know the password to, and there you will commence an honor duel. An honor duel strips the loser of any and all school claims, prefect, head boy, bragging rights, quidditch captain, quidditch player, anything that can be used as a place in power is stripped away. The winner may choose to fill no more than two of these roles within a two hour conscious time period. If the winner is unconscious then the time will only be counted during the period of which they can understand.

Rule number two, DO NOT get caught. I won't attempt to tell you not to break curfew, because you will. I will not tell you to practice magic in the halls, because you will. I will not tell you to find a better place to snog other than the broom closet closest to the headmasters dorms, because you won't. I am simply telling you, do not

get caught doing these things.

Lastly, rule three, work hard. DO NOT give another house reason to believe we are all idiots, because we are not. Those are the rules and anything else, unless specified by me, can be gently ignored.

Before I leave tonight I will be posting on our bulletin each year and each year will have their choices of extra studies. Once signed your name automatically transfers to a corresponding piece of parchment in my office. To sign your name simply tap your wand on the parchment and speak your name. You may ONLY sign your name, as this parchment will show your magical strength to its corresponding paper. If you wish to know your magical strength you may visit me in my office afterwards. If you sign your name, and before the end of this week decide you do not want to take the class simply say the class name, cancel, and your name. For example, Potions, cancel, Draconis Malfoy. This has to be your full first and last name. There can not be any nicknames given. This being said, I'm bloody tired and I'm going to my rooms. Welcome to Slytherin, and you will receive your times tables tomorrow." With that he gave a nod to Scorpius, and left the room.

Yawning I stood up with the rest of the first years and followed the girl prefect, Candice Zabini, into a side chamber marked One. When we entered she simply shrugged and said, sort the rest out yourself, and left. Taking a glance around I understand what she means and almost sprint to the door furthest from the main door. The moment my hand touched the handle the door marked itself Starr L. When I opened the door my trunks were sitting beside my bed and everything else was...bare. Wishing I had some purple in the room, like back at home, I was prepared to sprawl out on the bed. The moment I had wished the room to change, it did. I now had a deep purple room, and I was slightly shocked.

Creeping slowly outside, I went to the door marked Elayne B, and knocked. Peeking her face out slowly, then opening wider when she realized it was me, I asked cautiously if she noticed anything weird about her room. Elayne shook her head no, and I asked if I could show her what I meant, and when she agreed she came with me to my room. She gasped when she saw the purple, with a slight envious look. I contained the sudden feeling of arrogance, and told her, "I'm going to wish the room to change colors, now watch, it will turn yellow." I allowed myself to will the room into an ugly canary yellow color, with pink writing greeting Elayne, and giggled. Elayne looked floored, and then suddenly looked elated. Yelling out a thank you, she promised to let me see her room when it was finished, and sprinted towards her own room.

I was rather exhausted, but decided to quickly finish my room before going to sleep. Before my dreams began to overtake my reality my room was a beautiful shade of sky blue with silver streaks and a dark lavender. I also had posters of my favorite authors, some pictures of my family, a poster of the new racing broom, and a magical lock on my door that only opens for wand or the professors. Then I allowed myself to dream.

End
file.